

## GAVE HER GEMS TO FREE HER HUSBAND.

Hugo Morris, Accused of Fraud,  
Needed \$2,500  
Bail.

His Wife Threw Her Diamonds to  
the Officers and Gained  
His Liberty.

MAILS USED TO EXTORT MONEY.

Seven Persons Charged by Post Office  
Inspectors with Participation  
in the Crimes and One  
Is a Woman.

"Take these and let my husband come  
home with me."

Mrs. Hugo M. Morris threw her diamond  
rings, a diamond headed pin, a brooch of  
diamonds and diamond earrings on the desk  
of United States Commissioner Morrie in  
Brooklyn yesterday afternoon. Her voice  
trembled, and there were tears in her eyes.  
Her husband had gone through an exam-  
ination on a charge of using the mails to  
defraud, calmly. He had not been con-  
cerned when the Commissioner held him  
for trial in \$2,500 bail, and had shown only  
a business interest in discussion over some  
real estate offered as security for his ap-  
pearance by Mrs. Harford, the wife of his  
business partner. Assistant District At-  
torney Roy refused to accept the real estate  
for the whole amount of the bond and Mor-  
ris's only comment on the decision was a  
shrug.

But as the diamonds rattled down from  
the woman's nervous fingers to the Com-  
missioner's desk there were tears in Mor-  
ris's eyes and he bowed his head to hide  
them.

Roy was methodical. He called an expert  
who told him the jewels were worth \$1,500.  
They were carefully inventoried, wrapped,  
sealed and deposited in a safe, the bond  
was signed by Morris, Mrs. Morris and  
Mrs. Harford, and then proud, as she  
well might be, Mrs. Morris hurried her hus-  
band away from the hateful place.

There were others examined by the Com-  
missioner on the same charge as that pro-  
ffered against Hugo Morris. Post Office  
Inspectors George T. Holden and Benjamin  
H. Shoppe alleged that Sigmund Morris, his  
brother Hugo, Isadore H. Meyer—all of No.  
10 Glendale place, Brooklyn—Miss E. Cas-  
well, of No. 151 West One Hundred and  
Thirty-third street, New York City; Charles  
V. Daly, of No. 142 Columbia Heights,  
Brooklyn; Arthur Bowen, of No. 15 West  
Ninety-eighth street, New York City, and  
Hugo Rodgers, of No. 15 Myrtle avenue,  
Brooklyn, operating under the names of  
various corporations, have extorted money  
from many firms by means of forged con-  
tracts for advertising.

They operated under the names of the  
United States Wholesale Business Directory  
Company, Caswell, Morris & Co., Hughey  
& Co., the United States Red Book Di-  
rectory Publishing Company, H. M. Wal-  
lace, G. W. Allice & Co., the Red Book  
Publishing Company, the Adjustment and  
Pay and the American Pub-

lishing Company. They have been victim-  
ized only three times, as far as complain-  
ants are concerned. This concerns: (1)  
others, of No. 729 Arch street  
Wanamaker Clothing Company, of  
Chestnut street, and (2) the A. L. (O.)  
Company, The Philadelphia Ad-  
vertising Company. The Philadelphia Ad-  
vertising Company, they that they were indebted to the  
company for advertising in a "red book,"  
the firms replied denying the claim, and  
the attorneys sent them on wheels to  
claim the signatures to their letters had  
been copied by an expert penman. They  
remitted the amounts claimed, later dis-  
covered the fraud and called in the in-  
spectors, who have been at work on the  
case for two months. The Altron Com-  
pany lost nothing, recognizing the fraud in  
time.

Warrants were issued late on Wednesday  
afternoon, and Deputy United States Mar-  
shals McManus and Young went to the  
Brooklyn offices of the concern, in the  
Arluck building, where young Isadore H.  
Meyer, of No. 10 Glendale place, and Miss  
Annie E. Caswell, of No. 151 West One Hun-  
dred and Thirty-third street, New York  
City, were placed under arrest. A large  
number of letters and books were seized  
and held as evidence against the firm.

The Marshals then went to No. 10 Glendale  
place, where they arrested Hugo M. Morris  
at 2 a. m. yesterday. Sigmund Morris could  
not be found, but late yesterday afternoon  
he walked into the United States District



MISS ANNIE E. CASWELL.

She was arrested on complaint of  
Post Office Inspectors in Brooklyn,  
charged with being interested in Cas-  
well & Co., under which name, it is al-  
leged, firms were defrauded on adver-  
tising contract frauds. She spent a  
night in Raymond Street Jail and was  
released on her own recognizance.



HUGO M. MORRIS.

Accused of using the mails to defraud  
and held in \$2,500 bail by a United  
States Commissioner in Brooklyn. His  
wife stripped off her jewelry and gave it  
to the officers in bond for her husband.

Attorney's office, in the Federal building,  
and surrendered himself.

Miss Caswell, who is very pretty, when  
taken before the Commissioner looked as  
happy as could be, after her night in jail.  
She was self-possessed and considered well  
every question before she answered it. She  
was represented by counsel.

The young woman denied that she was a  
member of the firm of Caswell & Co., not-  
withstanding the similarity of names. She  
told the Commissioner that she was simply  
engaged for clerical work, and that she re-  
ceived \$7.50 per week for her services. She  
was permitted to go on her own recogniz-  
ance.

Young Meyer, who is said to have been  
only a clerk in the office, was returned to  
jail, no one offering to furnish bail for him.  
Sigmund Morris, who is said to be the  
head and front of the concern, was held in  
\$2,500 bail. He made no effort to secure a  
bond and went to jail.

The books of the Wells, Fargo Express  
Company show that the income of Caswell  
& Co. has been about \$1,000 a month  
throughout that one company.

Detectives McNally and Dalton, of Jersey  
City, and Inspector Holden arrested  
Rodgers, Daly and Bowen in the offices of  
the American Publishing Company, No. 49  
Montgomery street. The men were held  
for examination by United States Com-  
missioner Rowe, and were taken to the Hy-  
son County Jail.

## PRESIDENT FAVORS PEACE

Cleveland Gives Utterance to a Strong  
Indorsement of the Principle of  
Arbitration.

Washington, May 14.—The committee ap-  
pointed at the recent national conference  
on international arbitration to present to  
President Cleveland a memorial embodying  
the principles and resolutions adopted by  
the conference, discharged its duty today,  
being received by the President in his private  
office.

The President told the members of the  
committee that he was thoroughly and  
strongly committed to the doctrine of ar-  
bitration for the settlement of international  
disputes, and had so expressed himself in  
his communications to Congress prior to  
the Venezuelan trouble. He said he had  
read the resolutions presented to him  
when they were adopted by the convention  
and highly approved their moderation and  
wisdom. He had noted with pleasure and  
surprise the high character of the repre-  
sentatives from more than forty States who  
had assembled here of their own accord to  
give voice to their convictions on the sub-  
ject, and promised to be ready, officially,  
to utilize all proper occasions for the ac-  
complishment of the purpose of the con-  
ference and in view of which, he added, "we  
have to be done through an international  
treaty."



SIGMUND MORRIS.

He is charged of being at the head  
of the conspiracy to defraud firms  
through bogus advertising contracts, and  
is in Raymond Street Jail, Brook-  
lyn, because he cannot furnish a bond  
for \$50,000. Post Office Inspectors are  
his accusers.

## TALE OF A BICYCLE AND TWO BLACK EYES.

But It Is by No Manner of Means  
the Story of an Ordinary  
Wheeling Accident.

To Be Sure, the Policeman Did  
"Tumble," but That Was  
Merely Incidental.

THE BLACK EYES WERE NOT FOR HIM.

It is the Police Magistrate Who Is Said  
to Have Been Smitten, as All  
Shall Discover Who Read  
What Follows.

On Wednesday evening, between 9 and  
10 o'clock, Bicycle Policeman John Schue-  
ssler was wheeling slowly up the Boulevard,  
near Eighth street, when a party of  
boys, apparently whizzed past him, going  
north, on wheels. The crowd stole upon  
him so silently and swiftly that they had  
gone half a block before he got control of  
his wheel.

"You're riding too fast, boys!" he shout-  
ed. Then he began to pedal after them as  
fast as he could. He made for the leader,  
who appeared to be about sixteen years old,  
with a remarkable speed. The leader  
realized the policeman's intention and shot  
away from the company. In a moment the  
race was between the tiny bicyclist and the  
big officer. Up the road they flew like the  
wind. The policeman saw at a glance that  
he was pursuing a scorchier on a wheel  
with high gear and low handle bars, and  
he put forth his greatest efforts. The other  
members of the party followed as fast as  
they could, shouting encouragement to the  
leader.

"Don't let him catch you!" "Keep up  
your speed!" Go it, little one!" and like  
remarks cheered on the pursued.  
After covering seven blocks, Schuessler  
got abreast of the scorchier.

"I warned you—why didn't you stop?"  
said the officer, between gasps for breath.

"I didn't think I was riding over twelve  
miles an hour," replied the scorchier. In a  
low, sweet voice.

"Twelve!" ejaculated the policeman.  
"Great Scott, you were going twenty, and  
the law doesn't allow more than eight."  
Schuessler and his prisoner got off their  
wheels and started on foot for the West  
One Hundred Street Station.

"I didn't think a kid like you could ride  
so fast," said the policeman.  
"I can make a mile in two minutes," was  
the reply.

"You walk in silence until they came to  
an electric light."

"Won't you please let me go, officer?"  
the prisoner said, in soft, pleading tones.  
Schuessler looked down into a pair of big,  
black eyes dimmed with tears.

"Why I—I—believe you're a girl!" he  
stammered.

"Of course I am!" was the indignant  
reply.

Schuessler was so shocked that he didn't  
say another word until the station house  
was reached. Sergeant Lynch was at the  
desk. He looked at the prisoner and saw  
a small, slender person, clad in racing cap,  
gray knickerbockers, and jacket, white  
shirt, collar and tie, black stockings and  
racing slippers.

"What's the young fellow's name?" asked  
the Sergeant.

"He's a girl, Sergeant," said Schuessler.

The Sergeant leaned over the desk, looked  
the prisoner over carefully, and then asked  
the usual questions. The prisoner was Miss  
Emmy Roesske, twenty-seven years old, of  
No. 54 East Eighth street. She is a  
floorwalker in a millinery store on West  
Broadway. She sent for her sister, who  
was able to get a friend to the station  
house by 2 o'clock in the morning who  
gave \$500 bail, and she was released.

She appeared in court alone yesterday  
and looked very pretty. She was dressed  
in a crimson silk waist and a black silk  
skirt, and wore a silver belt. A black sailor  
hat sat jauntily on her head. Policeman  
Schuessler told his story and Magistrate  
Betsy looked at the prisoner with aston-  
ishment. Her big black eyes were looking  
right into his and an irresistible smile  
curved her lips.

"Why, she doesn't look like a scorchier,"  
said the Magistrate.

"It was up grade," said the fair pris-  
oner, "and nobody could scorch up grade."

"That's so," said the Magistrate, "how  
could a little thing like you scorch up  
grade?"

"Judge," said Schuessler, "if you'd seen  
her flying up the Boulevard last night."  
"I guess I'll discharge you," said the  
Magistrate. And he was rewarded with an-  
other smile and a coquettish little nod of  
the head as the young woman tripped out  
of court.

## Betsy, the Sea Cow, Visible Again.

There has been so much disappointment  
felt by the crowds who throng around the  
tank of Betsy, the sea cow, in the Central  
Park Zoo, because she keeps so constantly  
at the bottom of the deep water, that Di-  
rector Smith yesterday took measures to let  
her be seen. He had a sloping incline of  
wood, built from the tank to tempt her to  
crawl up on it, and when, true to sea cow  
nature, Betsy still hugged the bottom, he  
had fully half of the water drawn off.  
Now, in the shallow water, she can easily  
be seen.

## Cot Did Not Steal the Money.

A telegram from Edward J. Somnig, who  
is at Perry, Oklahoma, seeking a divorce,  
was received yesterday by his attorneys,  
Hogart & Carnahan, to the effect that the  
bank of Betsy, the sea cow, in the Central  
Park Zoo, because she keeps so constantly  
at the bottom of the deep water, that Di-  
rector Smith yesterday took measures to let  
her be seen. He had a sloping incline of  
wood, built from the tank to tempt her to  
crawl up on it, and when, true to sea cow  
nature, Betsy still hugged the bottom, he  
had fully half of the water drawn off.  
Now, in the shallow water, she can easily  
be seen.

## EXPRESS TRAINS STOP AT MR. BULLOCK'S NOD.

Willing or Not, the Delaware and  
Lackawanna Lets Him Off  
at a Flag Station.

He Is Only Getting Even for Being  
Held Strictly to Red Tape  
Rules Himself.

EVERY DAY HE DOES THE SAME.

A Meek Commuter Takes His Revenge  
for Bad Treatment from a Road  
He Has Patronized for  
Many Years.

If corporations had souls, the soul of the  
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad  
would be sick, so much has it been perturbed  
by T. O. Bullock, of Succasunna.

Mr. Bullock is a chronic commuter. He  
has the elongated legs that result from ha-  
bitual pursuit of trains. He has a horse  
with a record of 2:45, made in catching the  
2:15 train year after year. If he hears a  
whistle blow or a bell ring it has been said  
that he will jump from his office chair and  
run, out of mere ab-  
solute-mindedness. He  
has been known to  
mutter in his sleep:  
"Newark-Roseville-  
Bloomfield-and-all-  
the-Oranges-third-  
train-on-year-right."

His friends believe  
that later on, when  
Gabriel blows his  
trumpet, Mr. Bullock  
will mistake the oc-  
casion and get up and  
run for a train.

The bundle habit he  
has acquired in its  
most virulent form.  
He can carry a water-  
melon done up in a  
twine sling as if it  
had come from Tif-  
fany's.

The Delaware, Lack-  
awanna & Western  
had reason to be proud  
of Mr. Bullock, a model  
commuter, who was  
never impertinent to  
its conductors, and  
did not put his feet  
on the seats. Yet it  
has showed its lack  
of soul in its dealings  
with him.

It is forty-seven  
miles to Mount Arling-  
ton, where you get off  
for Succasunna, and  
Mr. Bullock has trav-  
elled it twice a day  
for the past ten years.  
At a rough estimate,  
he has travelled 294,  
320 miles on the D.  
& W. cars, or more  
than ten times the  
distance around the  
world. He has spent  
14,085 hours in doing  
it, or more than a  
year and seven  
months, all in the D.  
& W. cars.

Some time ago a  
conductor did not like  
the looks of the pack-  
age Mr. Bullock car-  
ried, and elected him  
a commuter, like a  
worm, will sometimes  
turn, and Mr. Bullock  
sued and got a judg-  
ment of \$5 for the loss  
of the package, \$1 for a torn coat and  
\$1,000 for the base in-  
gratitude shown. He  
missed several trains  
receiving the congrat-  
ulations of his  
friends.

But that was not  
all. The other day a  
conductor named  
Sayre came through  
the train, and fixed  
his eyes upon Mr. Bul-  
lock, of Succasunna,  
with an expression  
that means "tickets  
or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

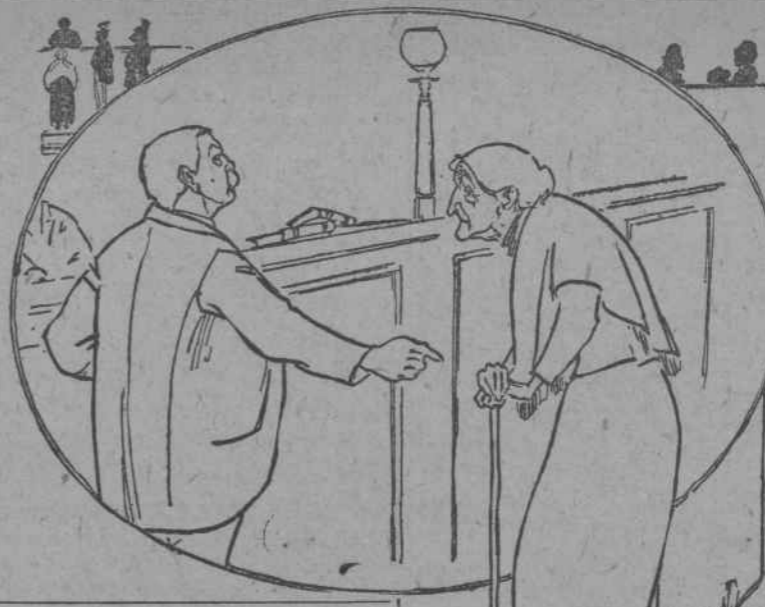
"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."

"Ticket read, 'Hoboken and return Ar-  
lington.'"

Mr. Bullock got off at Succasunna in an  
evil frame of mind. Monday he got on the  
advance train, and fixed his eyes upon Mr.  
Bullock, with an expression that means  
"tickets or war." Mr. Bullock  
had changed at Do-  
ver, and had taken  
one of his favorite  
trains for Succasunna.

Without looking at  
the ticket the conductor said: "You can't  
go to Succasunna on this ticket."

"I've done so for ten years," replied Mr.  
Bullock, with a tone of unconscious pride.  
"Can't help that," said Sayre. "I've got  
orders to stop you here this time."  
Without paying, but don't let it happen  
again."



## WOULD RUN A CRIPPLE OUT OF BUSINESS.

Two Rich Corporations Object  
to Honest Dan Heaney  
Selling Newspapers.

Long Island Ferry Company and  
Union News Company Don't  
Want Him Around.

HIS STAND IS AT SOUTH FERRY.

Readers of the Journal Will Find Him  
There This Morning, Prepared, as  
Usual, to Furnish Their Fa-  
vorite Paper.

"Honest Dan" Heaney, who for over two  
years has been a familiar figure at the  
South Ferry, is in trouble with the Long  
Island Ferry Company, who, through the  
instigation of the Union News Company,  
is trying to prevent him from selling news-  
papers at the South Ferry entrance.

A few weeks ago Daniel W. Heaney got a  
permit through Alderman Nicholas T.  
Brown to set up a news stand at the foot  
of Whitehall street. His location has al-  
ways been at the ferry entrance. A week  
ago, W. E. Gerard, the ferry superinten-  
dent, ordered him away from the gates,  
and Heaney obeyed, but went back to his old  
stand the next morning. Last Saturday he  
was once more found by Superintendent  
Gerard selling his papers, and Policeman  
John O'Donnell was instructed to order  
him away, but the policeman refused to  
act. Heaney offered to show the Superin-  
tendent his permit, but Mr. Gerard refused  
to look at it. Heaney says the Superin-  
tendent declared he would file a complaint  
with the Bureau of Incumbrances and that  
he had already written a letter to the  
Mayor charging Heaney with being a nuis-  
ance.

The Journal has furnished Heaney, who  
is a cripple, with a new stand, which  
was placed under the stairway leading to  
the elevated station, and, hearing of the  
trouble, Mr. G. L. Whitaker, represent-  
ing the Journal, investigated, and found  
that no complaint had been made against  
Heaney and his news stand. The superin-  
tendent of the Bureau of Incumbrances  
said no complaint would be entertained  
unless it were accompanied by mandamus  
proceedings for ejectment, as the spot  
where the news stand stood was city prop-  
erty, and the ferry company had nothing  
to say about what disposition should be  
made of it.

Mr. Whitaker said yesterday that Mr.  
Gerard told him that the complaint came  
from the Union News Company, and that  
he was simply enforcing the privileges  
which the Long Island Ferry Company had  
sold to the Union News Company. This  
corporation has leased a portion of the  
waiting room at the ferryhouse, and be-  
cause Heaney was cutting into its news-  
paper sales his presence was objectionable.

"General Manager Williams of the news  
company," told me," said Mr. Whitaker,  
"that his company intended to have its  
rights, and even if Heaney was a cripple,  
it made no difference, as business and  
sympathy do not mix."

Assistant Corporation Counsel Sterling  
has advised the poor cripple to stay where  
he is, and